

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

Last Voyage

TO

BERMUDAS,

In the Ship

MARYGOLD,

S. P. Commander;

---

By J. H. Φιλοχρηστικος

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Begun November the twelfth, 1670. And ending  
May the third, 1671.

*With Allowance.*

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London, printed for Rowland Reynald at the Sun and Bible  
in the Poultry 1671.

A

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BERMUDAS

In the Ship

MARY GOLD

J. P. C. Gardner

THE NEW YORK

Public Library, Astor Lenox and T. B. Morgan

May 10 1881

1755 Broadway

NEW YORK



TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE,  
THE  
Governor and Company  
OF  
LONDON,  
For Plantation of the  
**Summer Islands.**



AS richest Diamonds when en-  
shrin'd in Gold,  
And set in darkest Foyls, more  
Rays unfold,  
So stands that beauteous *ISLE* on  
Rocks and Sands,  
Encircled with Great *Neptune's* watry  
Bands ;

A 2

Who

Who when impell'd with Gusts, make  
haste before,  
Dashing themselves, Enamel all the  
Shore:

This pleasant *P I L E*'s the Subject of  
my *Muse*,

That late from raging *Seas* suffer'd abuse,  
Now enters Port, and after dreadful  
Toyls,

To You (*Renowned Sirs*) gives up her  
Spoyls.

The Matter, Place, Occasion, every  
Section

Are Yours, and therefore claims your  
just Protection.

Accept (*Great Sirs*) Your own; for by  
Your Eye

These Cabbin Sea-sick Lines must live  
or die.

*Your Honors most humble Servant,*

**John Hardy.** φιλοχειρηνεία





To his Honored Friend,  
**CAPTAIN S. P.**

Commander of the Good Ship  
**MARY GOLD,** 16<sup>70</sup>/<sub>71</sub>.

**M**ost noble Captain, under whose Com-  
mand,  
I have been Servant both by Sea and  
Land,  
Peruse these Lines, which though they do not  
show  
Wonders unto you, yet they'r true, you know,  
Your self enduring many a bitter Blast,  
From the first of the Voyage, to the last.  
Read and accept them, so desires your Friend  
Who is, and will be, till his Life doth end.

John Hardie.



To his loving Friends,  
Mr. T. H. and P. H.  
Masters-Mates of the Ship  
MARY GOLD.

**M**ost loving Friends, to you I do indite  
This my small Journal, you being in sight  
Of what is mention'd in it: Don't expect  
Here Signs and Tangents, or a Course direct  
Unto this Island: If so, I a fool  
Should be by you accounted, in the School  
Of Mathematicks never being bred,  
Nor ever heard Mysterious Lectures read  
Concerning Navigation: Idle times  
Was the true Product of these foolish Rhimes,  
Which craves Acceptance from your friendly hand,  
By him who is your Friend for to command,

John Hardie.

The

# The Prologue.

**A**ssist Great Jove, and help my wandring  
Muse,  
Poetick Strains into my Quill infuse,  
To sing the Truth, the Praises, and the Fame  
Of th' Isle *Bermuda*, call'd so from the Name  
Of Spanish *Jam. Bermudas* : \* though of late  
Its Name was chang'd by *Summers* happy fate,  
Whose Heart and Bowels buried there, to be  
A Witness of it to Eternity.

\* According to Heylin's *Cosmography* it was found  
out by a Spaniard, who was there cast away ; then  
by an English-man, whose name was *Forbisher* ;  
lastly inhabited by Captain *Summers*, who dying  
in this Island was *Embalm'd*, and his Body carried  
into England, but his Bowels buried at *St. Georges*  
Island

*Istand near the State-House, as they name it :  
It hath not been long since Inhabited ; for there  
was found Engraven on a Palmeta-Tree these  
Words, which are set up in the Governors Hall  
over his Chair :*

CONDITUR IN HOC LOCO  
NAVIS PER RICHARDUM FRO-  
BISHERUM ONERIS 70. QUÆ  
VIRGINIÆ DESTINATOR NOS  
OMNES HINC TRANSPORTA-  
BAT.

ANNO 1610. MAY 4.

---

OUR



OUR

## VOYAGE

Outward bound.



When cold November with a hoary  
Head,

The fertile Earth with Snow  
had overspread,

Joyn'd with white Frost, upon  
its twelfth day, we

Set sayl from *Gravesend*, being bound to see  
*Bermudas*, in th' Ship *Marygold*; which Flower  
O' all the Deities take in your Power,  
And from all Dangers safely her defend,  
Granting her Voyage may have happy end.

B

Into

Into the *Hope* we got, and there make stay  
 Two Nights, when with a fair wind we weigh  
 Our Anchors, setting Sail into the Downs,  
 Where shortly we arriv'd, which was the Bounds  
 For Shipping granted then, till mighty *Jove*  
 Sent a cold quaking North-wind from above;  
 After twice seven days space again, we set  
 Our Sayle, and in the term of two days get  
 Near to a point of Land is call'd the *Start*,  
 From which in the dark Ev'ning we did part;  
*Jove's* aid imploring, for now nothing we  
 Behold, but briny Billows of the Sea:  
 When shortly, for not fifty Leagues or more,  
 We gotten had from Noble *Englands* shore,  
 But *Aeolus* that too inconstant God,  
 Thought good to punish us, the blustering Rod  
 Of West-winds Fury, and dark Nights together  
 Made cloudy, cold, and too inconstant weather:  
 Now *Neptune* with his furious Waves doth kiss,  
 And toss our *Marygold*, but tis our bliss (waves  
 She's good condition'd, though Skies-mounting  
 Do threaten death, & seem to make our Graves

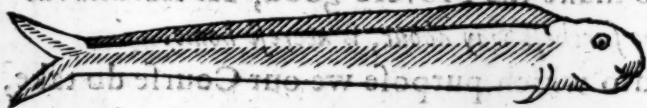
In it's insatiate Bowels, her rib'd Sides  
 Over the white curl'd Billows swiftly glides;  
 And although over all salt Seas she takes,  
 Yet little water then she's wont she makes;  
 It being Winter time, Reason doth guide  
 Unto the Southward Mariners to slide,  
 To make the Proverb good, *He that doth run*  
*The farthest way about, is neereft home.*

Unto which purpose we our Course do take,  
 Some of the Charibby Islands for to make,  
 And cross (a) the Tropick Cancer, but the winde  
 Prov'd to us more auspicious and kinde  
 Than we expect, to our Port we incline,  
 So straight our Course as if it were a Line,  
 For many days, when as that at the last,  
 Bold Boreas from his Den sends oruel blast  
 From the Western Islands, at which rocky Land  
 I think he keeps his Court, and doth command

(a) *Thinking to cross the Tropick Cancer, and make*  
*Anguilla Sombrero, or some of the Virgin*  
*Islands.*

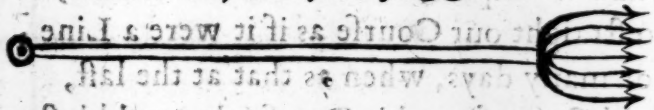
(4)

All Winter time, for near't we always must  
Expect to have sharp storms, & thundering gust  
A week or more expir'd in this same weather,  
A pleasant day came, and fair wind together;  
So Dolphins swiftly through the Ocean glide,  
To prey on flying (b) Fish so near the side;



The Saylor's with a Fish-gig deeply wound  
Their tender bodies, that a deadly sound

*The form of a Fish-gig.*



Possellethall their parts throughout, the which  
Small time a Proteus change of colours reach.

(b) Dolphins when once struck and brought into the  
Ship, change their colours very often, till at the  
last they die, and remain a dunnish colour, and are  
of this form.

Though



Though Fortune hath been churlish at the best,  
 Yet now we're paid with double Interest;  
 For within four times seven fair days, we  
 Long wish'd for *Summer Islands* plainly see;  
 When as our Captain caus'd a (c) roaring Gun  
 For to be fir'd, which once being done  
 A Pilot came aboard, through dangerous Rocks  
 Us safely carrying without any knocks,  
 Into *Kings Castle Harbor*, where doth stand  
 Two Castles, entring ships for to command;  
 After salutes to either we at last  
 Near Captain *Hubbarbs* Bridge our Anchor cast;  
 So *Januaries* twenty seventh put end  
 To dangers outward, which us did attend;

(c) To fire a Piece of Ordnance, the usual custom to  
 give warning to the Pilot and Inhabitants that there  
 is the Magazine Ship on the Coast, whose duty it is  
 to convey into Harbour.

In *Kings Castle Harbor*, about a Mile and a half  
 from the Shoar.

We

We now our Sails unbend, and Top-mast lo're,  
And in short time our Goods (d) are fetcht  
ashore.

(d) The custom there is to fetch and bring their Goods  
aboard, and their Seamen to be at no trouble, as in  
other places of the West-Indies.

### *The Description of the Island.*

Well at Bermudas we arriv'd are,  
After great trouble, pains, gusts, storms,  
and care ;

And now the ship seems rightly nam'd to be  
A Magazine, as term'd, for you may see  
Some selling Linnen cloath, with other knacks,  
Which Pedlars use to carry in their Packs;  
Some Brandy buy, and such like liquid ware,  
Others of new Tobacco-pipes have care  
To store themselves, whilst others do agree  
Good to exchange for such Commodity  
The Countrey doth afford, and some are willing  
To sell their Goods at three pence on the shilling

This

This time it lasts not long, when suddenly  
Must work all hands, the Island-Boats we see  
Deep loaden with Tobacco, which they bring  
Unto the side, from whence we take it in.

To give description of these same (e) Boats,  
With ripple corner'd Sayls they always float.



About the Islands, in the World there are  
None in all points that may with them compare.  
But leave we now the ship till fill'd, take view  
Of th' Land, to try if what you heard be true;

(e) *The Islands Boats after this Form, carrying five or  
six Chests of Tobacco, or more. They lie so near the  
Wind, that they will fetch the same place they look up-  
on, close hal'd.*

Then

Then to begin, there's Rocky Hills so high,  
 They seem for to out-dare the cloudy Sky;  
 And fertile Vallies during all the year,  
 Continual Liveries of green do wear;  
 In which no poysonous Creature e're hath been  
 No Adders, Serpents, Toads, or Snakes are seen  
 To prejudice mans health, but it is stor'd (ford  
 With Bieves, Goats, Oxen, Sheep which doth af-  
 Fine woolly fleeces, with such things as these  
 Thou dost abound, ty'd (f) to *Palmeta*-trees,  
 Whose uses are so many, not unfold  
 Them all can any man; from Winters cold  
 It keeps their Houses thatch'd with 't, & its mats  
 For bedding makes, with baskets, brooms, & hats  
 Nay more, it Cordage doth afford, in 'ts top  
 A Cabbage grows, for meat, and do but lop  
 Or bore a hole in'r, you may plainly see  
 A pleasant Liquor flowing from the Tree;

(f) Tye all their Cattel, as Horses, Asses, Hogs, Goats,  
 Sheep, &c. to Trees, where they feed on the Mellil-  
 lot, and Fennel, round about them.

It's fruit is luscious, whose stone's black as Jet;  
 Will make neat Buttons, if with Silver set;  
 And its dry Leaves will serve in darksome night  
 In stead of Torches, Travellers to light.  
 Of all the Trees that is, or (g) ever were,  
 None to the straight *Palmeta* may compare.  
 The lofty fragrant *Cedars* here (h) do grow,  
 The Vertues of whose Fruits and Gums to know  
 Requires a larger time; here you may see  
 The *Lime*, the *Lemmon*, and the *Orange* tree;  
 So fam'd throughout the world, here at one time  
 Buds, blossoms, green, & ripe Fruit in the prime;

- (g) The *Palmeta* Tree is a straight Tree, about the height of an *Apple* Tree, growing with broad Leaves at the top, closed together in manner of a Fann, which they put to several uses more than I can here relate.
- (h) Cedar Gumm as hath been often experienc'd, is good for *Gonorrhea's*, the Berries which are like *Juniper* Berries, are of the same nature as *Juniper* Berries are, they boyl them in water and make Drink for their constant use of it.

Pomgranates, Gwavers, Papawes, Fig-trees too,  
 Whereof a Pleasant kinde of Drink they brew,  
 With *Mulberries* likewise; but if I may  
 Call it a Tree, the Pine bears (i) all away,  
 Whose crowned tops & bottom compass round,  
 Seems as if it were with green Garland crown'd.  
 But Oh! its delicious taste surpasseth words  
 Deep utterance; this onely Fruit affords  
 All taste of others in't you think upon,  
 Pears, Apples, Peaches, Cherries, every one  
 Appears in't's taste; here grows the prickly Pear  
 Whose in-side of a scarlet (k) colour are.  
 Here's Roots as well as Trees, Potatoes good  
 For sustenance of man to make pure blood.

(.) Pine are much after the Figure of a Sceth Thistle,  
 and in my minde taste most like a Peach, or Mali-  
 gotoon; they grow in low marshy Grounds.

(k) Prickled Pears are of a most rare scarlet colour, but  
 its Juice will not stain, for by water it may soon be  
 washt away; 'tis thought by some that Cochinele is  
 produced of it.

And

And here *Cassander*, to which, though it's Juice  
 Be Poyson, yet they now have a device  
 To press and grate it, so in time of need  
 And sometimes else, they safely on it feed  
 Being bak'd in form of Bread; here's *Indian-Corn*  
 Whose weighty Eares on a long stalk is born ;  
 In thickness like a Cane, it Nature rould  
 Close up in Leaves, to keep it from the cold ;  
 Which being groun'd & boyl'd, *Mush* they make  
 Their hungry Servants Hunger for to flake :  
 But let me tell you, that there cannot be  
 A profit without discommodity ;  
 For though no poysonous Living thing indeed  
 Inhabits there, yet grows a (1) Poyson-Weed,  
 Whose very sight infects some, and its Juice  
 Will make men itch, as if a thousand Lice

(1) *Poyson-Weed*, a shrub which runs up Trees as the  
*Ivy*, and hath poysoned abundance of People, especi-  
 ally in wet, foggy, rainy, weather, as my self can  
 witness, and poysoned some that hath onely lookt upon  
 it, as many can testifie.



About their bodies creep, in painful Wheals  
 And Pimples at the last it self reveals,  
 But never kills ; Its Counterpoyson is  
*Sage of the Mountain*, which you cannot miss  
 At all times for to finde, in places where  
 This Weed is, for it grows to't very near.  
 Of Fowls they have enough, such as are Hens,  
 Capons, Ducks, Turkeys kooled up in Pens ;  
 Wild Pidgeons, and other feathered Brood,  
 Some bad for nourishment, yet some are good ;  
 With *Tropick Longtails*, of (m) whose Nest there  
 be

Amongst the Rocks, a hundred Leagues to Sea  
 They fly : and also near unto the Shore  
 Plenty of Fish is, which the (n) People store,

(m) *Tropick Birds* are call'd Longtails, from one or  
 two Feathers longer than the rest, about a foot or  
 more.

(n) They have many more fishes, such as Greyhound-  
 fish, Rainbow-fish, Anchovies, though I think not the  
 right ; Cragfish as big as Lobsters ; Oysters, where  
 in sometime they find small Pearl.

As



As Pilchards, Sinnetts, Gruats, and Salmon Peal,  
 With Rock-fish, Porgoes, and the slippery Eel,  
 And Mullers plentiful are in the sound,  
 The water flowing to them under ground,  
 Being most salt, and all (o) along the shore  
 There are dark Caves, of a Miles length or more  
 Extending under ground, in which there be  
 Deep holes with water, though no one can see  
 A passage for it in : Which dreadful Lakes,  
 Some sort of Fish do for their Refuge take ;  
 Beside the foresaid Fish, with (p) grains they strike  
 The horned Cuckold, Cunny, and one like

(o) I believe the Island is hollow, for there is some holes  
 that none can find the end of them, some hot as a  
 Stove upon the Northerly wind, as that near Tuc-  
 kers Town, and that there is water in them may be  
 proved; by the Coopers Hole, the Devils Hole, and a  
 place near Walsingham-Bay, &c. which water  
 though a good distance from the Sea, is as briny and  
 as salt as it is, which may prove a passage from one  
 into the other.

(p) The Grains are like an English Prong. The

The prickled Hedge-Hog : Angel-fish, by light  
 They carry in their Boats in darkeſt nights ;  
 And Groopers too, none of the meanest ſize,  
 Which ſalted, they do ſend for Merchandize  
 To the *West-Indian* Iſlands, with their Beef,  
 Which yields the Inhabitants there much relief;  
 Here in the time of year, the (q) mighty Whale  
 Appears upon the Coaſt, who with his Tayl  
 Small Boats can over-ſet, out of whoſe Noſe  
 Hogſheads of water gushes when he blows ;  
 Which being ſeen on Land, in Boats they haſte  
 Towards him, and their Lances ſharp make faſt

(q) The Whales here though they be of an indifferent  
 large ſize, the Gills are not above one or two foot  
 long at moſt, from whence the Whale-bone comes; ſome  
 ſay that *Sperma Ceti* is the *Spawn*, others think  
 that it lies in the head, but it is certainly found to be  
 the fat of the Whale, for being put into a Lamp, and  
 burned, it will turn to *Sperma Ceti*, which ſeveral  
 in the *West-Indies* have proved to be true, that  
 after the *Oleus* part is conſumed, the ſubſtance  
 call'd vulgarly *Sperma Ceti*, remains.

In his fat sides, who being hurt, along  
 The Boats draw with him dangerous Rocks  
 among,  
 Changing the water with his purple gore,  
 To red, which of a pale green was afore,  
 Tying himself, till at the last to Death  
 He stoops, and roaring yieldeth up his breath,  
 When into Harbor near unto the shore  
 Being tow'd, they cut him up themselves to store  
 With Oyl out of his Blubber, which they burn  
 In Lamps, and unto other uses turn  
 It on occasion: but this sort of Fish  
 Is not the same for which they all do wish;  
 No Whale Bones in its Gill or in its Head,  
 No Sovereign *Sperma Ceti* here is bred;  
 The difference lying, others mouths are fill'd  
 With rows of Teeth, whereas this none doth  
 yield.

Here's also Sharks, whose head affords a Gelly,  
 Good for the Cholick, and gripes of the Belly;

(1) *Sharks are here in abundance, whose Back-bone looks  
 most*

most like a Japan, and its wide mouth stands so, that he is fain to take his Prey lying on his back; in the cavity of his head there is a substance, which being dry'd is good for abundance of Diseases, but more especially for Gripes, and easy bringing women to Bed, which the Inhabitants have approved even to admiration, when all things else have fail'd.

Being dry'd and powder'd, this same Fish they take

As well as Whales, Oyl of his fat to make. Besides these, many more Fishes are found About the main Land, being compass'd round With four hundred small Islands, rather more, Some one, some two Miles distance from the shore.

And now to write a little of the State Of this same Land, its Climate's temperate, Which doth produce long Life, and its degree Abating thirty Minutes, (s) thirty three

(s) It's Latitude is 32 Degrees, 30 Minutes, and it's Longitude 316 Degrees.

Is found for Latitude, and some men say,  
 Three hundred and sixteen Degrees make way  
 From the *Azores* to it, to incline  
 By way of Longitude, unsearched Line ;  
 A Governor there is, who's always sent  
 By th' Honoured Company, to the intent  
 To put in force, whatever they think fit  
 T' naet for good, when in the Court they sit ;  
 Their Judges, Justices of Peace, and Shrief,  
 Constables, Marshals, Bayliffs, who relieve  
 The oppress'd , and there's Captains who de-  
 light  
 Themselves in Arms, with daring Foes to fight.  
 But I forget the Ministers, who preach  
 In Churches , where young Children some do  
 teach ;  
 But cease my *Muse*, for no man can unlock  
 This Rock of Wonders, or this wondrous Rock,  
 Which though but two Miles broad, and twenty  
 long  
 At most, it framed is so mighty strong

By Art and Nature, none but them who see,  
 Can think that such a place in the world to be ;  
 If Armies come against it, they may rest  
 Free from all fears, if Treason in their Brest  
 Do not lie lurking : But behold the Ship  
 Which for to fill, our Seamen will not slip  
 Any occasion, But with Cedars Chest,  
 And Ravens-foot Tobacco in (t) them preßt,  
 The Ship's Hold fills, but whatsoever be  
 In Cask or stow between Decks they agree ;  
 And now the Ship's near full, we all prepare  
 Our selves for going homeward, some take care  
 For Fowls, fat Hogs, Corn, and Potatoes sweet,  
 Oranges, Limes, and Lemmons for to eat  
 With our Provision homewards, some do think  
 Of Sugar, and of Liquor for to drink  
 In time of need, but all of us take care  
 Our Cabbins with Oranges filled are ;  
 (t) Ravensfoot Tobacco, call'd so from its blackness  
 and brightness, a common Proverb amongst them,  
 for the better Stowage.

Others

Others of Rarities which in the Sea  
Grows, such as Feathers, Black-rods, Coral be,  
Provide themselves to give unto a friend,  
Which when arriv'd they unto them send.

## Homeward bound Voyage.

**T**HE Ship now quite full, and a Western  
Gale,

The Anchors being up, now fills her Sail,  
When that the glorious Raies of the bright Sun  
Through one Sign of the *Zodiack* had not run,  
The Pilot at the Boltspit (u) end doth stand,  
Giving from thence the strict Word of Com-  
mand,

(u) Pilot stands at the Boltspit end because there is no  
Land-marks, and he cuns the Ship in by the Rocks  
under water, luffing for one, and bearing up for a-  
nother; they usually chuse to Pilot them in or out at  
the Suns rising or setting, because then the Sun hath  
the least reflexion.

For Port or Starboard, which he thinks most fit  
 Her over the Sharp-pointed Rocks to get ;  
 The Castles at our parting, once again  
 We do salute, while by them to the Main  
 A Mile or two from Shore we softly hie,  
 Trimming our Sails on purpose to lie by,  
 Unbending Cables, we our Anchors stow,  
 And hoise our Boats in, then away we go  
 Our Course for East, North-East we bravely  
 steer,

The wind North-West is, and the weather cleer,  
 So *Marches* twenty second about Night,  
 Of *Summers Island* we did lose the sight ;  
 But we not sail'd a days time at the least,  
 The Wind it came unto the East, South-east ;  
 We tack about, and to the Northward stand,  
 Where as they say, the West-Winds have com-  
 mand

Most of the year, but we it found not so,  
 For East South East, and South Winds over blow  
 Putting us by our Sayls we lie a hull,  
 The briny Waves her almost filling full ;

Upon



Upon our upper Decks, where above Hens,  
 And Ducks, with Turkeys, are shut up in Pens;  
 Which was for fresh Provision in store,  
 Of these are drown'd in four hours or more,  
 Full sixty seven, but at the length we find  
 The Storms to assuage its fury, and the wind  
 To cease a little, so again we set  
 Our Courses reefed, till the Seas do get  
 Abated, which are grown so vast and high,  
 They seem to mount us to the Cloudy Sky;  
 One of which stormy Afternoons about  
 Four of the Clock, we saw a Water-Spout  
 So fear'd by Mariners, which passed by  
 Us with a Circling in the muddy Sky.  
 These Winds after about a Fortnights stay  
 In these same blustering Corners, came away  
 Unto the Westward board, where it doth blow  
 So hard, again we forced are to go  
 Before it with our Fore-Sail, which we tend  
 With Braces aft, until the Storms do end;  
 The Sea running so deep, we're forc'd to cun,  
 Winding with Quarters, the Waves beat upon;

To

To answer't with our Helm, and Brace, which  
 keeps  
 Her right afore it, through the boyftrous heaps  
 Of Waters, these Storms eighteen hours or  
 more

Not lasts, but presently a sudden Showre  
 Of Rain is poured down, when as the South-  
 Wind opens loud his wide and blustering Mouth  
 Thunder and Lightning, mixt with Hail and  
 Rain,

Unto the North-West brings it back again ;  
 So that it once more seems, and doth appear  
 As if the Weather would be fair and clear ;  
 But all our Hopes soon vanisht, for so hard  
 It puffs, we take in all Sayls, lo're our Yard  
 Till better comes, and this I dare affirm  
 Ne're worser Weather's for a three Weeks term,  
 In which space never having any Weather  
 We could count fair, for thirty Hours together,  
 Our onely comfort was, the Moon shines bright  
 During this gusty time, most part of Night ;

But

But dreadful Storms, not always cruel Fate,  
 To us poor Saylor, did predestinate;  
 For when fair Weather was to make us glad,  
 Our Oranges so rotten, caus'd a sad  
 And heavy Countenance, scarce being found  
 One amongst twelve, which we may call sound  
 As to keep home, for since the World began  
 See such a Hodge-Podge ne're did any man;  
 Most part being pick'd up in such a state,  
 We had from good with Shovels separate,  
 We took them in with Care bestowing Pains  
 To place them lightly, now as much again  
 We take, for Baskets with the bad we fill  
 To fling away, though sore against our Will;  
 And now the Western Islands once more we  
 Repass with a fair Wind, hoping to see  
 No such bad Weather as we had before,  
 To which end, we the Deities implore,  
 And surely they our Orisons did hear,  
 Most of the Weather being fair and clear;  
 Though that the fresh Gales oftentimes were rane  
 From one unto another, changing

(ging  
Till

Till *Luna* came so full butt at her wane,  
 A South, and South South-west wind came again  
 Which though 'twas for us fair, yet it was joyn'd  
 With dirty Weather, as 'twere interloin'd  
 For us, amongst the rest, one foggy day  
 A *Bristol* Ship we meet, for th' Isle of *May*  
 Being bound, there Salt to load, who did us tell  
 Affairs in *England* went then very well  
 When she came out, with *France* we having  
 Peace,  
 And all War with our Neighbouring Nations  
 cease,  
 He told us also, how that *England* bore  
 From us of Leagues, about two times fourscore  
 Upon the North-East Point, and having sent  
 Letters by us to's Friends, away he went ;  
 And now we're near our wish'd-for Port , we  
 pray  
 For *Sol's* bright Splendor, in the midst of day,  
 An Observation that we may take  
 Before our Native Land, again we make,

But

But those our wishes we could not obtain,  
 For misty Clouds to us yet still remain,  
 With gusts, but th' water changing, we did sound  
 On *Easter* Ev'ning, and had the ground  
 At ninety Fathom, *Greekish* Shelly-sand,  
 Reckoning our selves then threescore Leagues  
 from Land ;

And seeing the warm Sun us debars  
 Of sweetest sight, at Noon the Northern Stars  
 We do observe, with his two Guards most bright,  
 Which glistred on Sunday and Mundy Night ;  
 Which tho' 'twas truly done, next day we had  
 A Solar Observation, which us glad  
 Did make (although the Wind contrary blew,  
 For by't how *Scilly* bore w' exactly knew,  
 And that they *Channel's* open, the Degree  
 Being forty nine, with Minutes nine times three,  
 At which time vve let run the Lead, and found  
 That sixty Fathom reached to the Ground.  
 Another certain sign is, that the Shore  
 Not many Leagues is off ; for Weeds great  
 store,

Call'd *Brittain Beds*, upon the Seas do float,  
 Which unto Seamen is a certain (x) Note  
 Of being in our Channel, all Night we  
 Bare in, and about twelve at Noon we see  
 The *Lizard*, which we past by with a Gale  
 So gentle, that we carry all the Sail  
 Which we can make, and parted about Night  
 From sight of *Falmouth*, and by it was light  
 We're near unto the *Start*, having past by  
*Portland*, the *Wight*, and also *Beachy-High*,  
 With *Fairly*, *Foulstone*, *Dover*, without stay,  
 A Pilot came aboard, us to convey,  
 So we hoys'd up our Sails atrip, and came  
 To *Westgate-Bay*, and anchored in the same  
 Till the next morning, when our Sails we set  
 And the same Tide over the *Flatts* we get  
 Up to the Rivers Mouth, from thence to *Lee*,  
 So to *Whole Haven*, and to *Tilbury*;

(x) Britain Beds are Weeds like to Laces, which grow  
 upon the Coast of Britain, and so are washt off  
 from the Rocks into the Sea.

But

But cease my *Muse*, the Voyage it is done,  
At *Gravesend* let it end, as there it begun.

*Finis Itineris Maritimi.*



# The Epilogue.

**N**othing doth remain, but to give Praise  
To God, who to us Mortals many  
days

His Favours and his Blessings did bestow  
On whatsoe're we do, where e're we go,  
By Land, by Sea, in Storms, most bitter Blasts,  
In Thunder, Lightning, and in Nights o're-cast  
With dismal Clouds, and from the briny Waves  
Most dreadful Fury, with what e're we crave

Hath granted to us, then let's with one heart  
Set forth his Praise till this Life we depart,  
Let all Hands say Amen, Amen say I,  
So be it done to Immortality.

Finis Coronat Opus. J. H.

The Epilogue.

Nothing doth remain, but to give Praise  
To God, who to us Mortals many  
Days has  
His Favours and his Blessings did bestow  
On what else we do, where ere we go,  
Ox Land, by Sea, in Storm, most bitter Blasts,  
To Thunder, Lightning, and in Night's ore cast  
With distant Clouds, and from the briny Waves  
Most dreadful Fury, with what ere we create

shall  
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